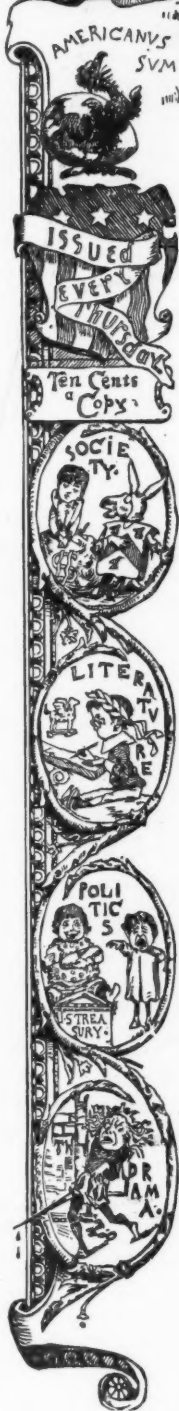
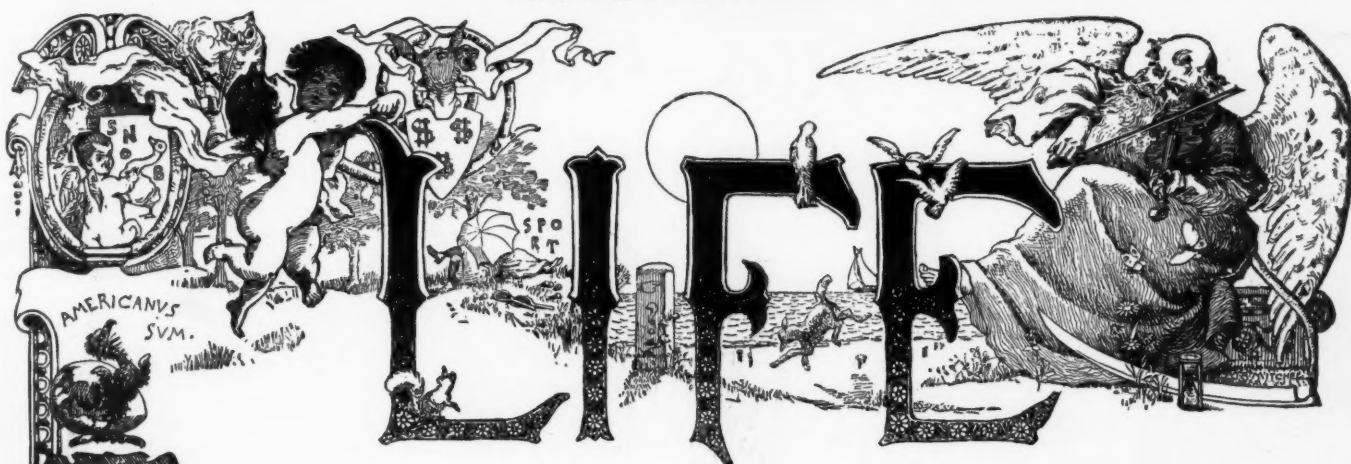


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RIVALS.

"THE LAST THING FRED DID WAS TO KISS ME."  
"I SHOULD THINK IT WOULD BE!"

· LIFE ·

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TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTORY OF HIS SLOOP "MAYFLOWER" IN  
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### A Short Tale.

One day a gentleman travelling with his servant stopped at an old fashioned Inn and ordered two boiled eggs for his lunch.

"The broth," said he, "will make a Soup for my servant."

"It will not be very rich, Sir," objected the waitress.

"Well," he answered, "add another egg, I can eat three."

If you care for what you eat and do not want such a Soup beware of those offered to you as "Just as Good" as the Franco-American for less money, but ask and insist upon getting the Franco-American Soups.

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Sample can 14 cents.

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Miss Maria Parlon has just written a new cook book, which has been gotten out in handsome style, with illustrations, illuminated cover, etc., by the Liebig Extract of Meat Company. It gives a large number of receipts of whose practical value Miss Parlon's reputation is a sufficient guarantee. This little book will be sent free of charge, by mail, to those of our readers who will send an application on a postal card to Messrs. Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York City. Every housewife will appreciate it, and will find in it many simple receipts for the improved preparation of some of the familiar dishes, as well as more elaborate receipts for various delicious things, supposed, perhaps, to come in the province of the "professional" cook, but which, by Miss Parlon's directions, can now be successfully prepared at home.

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### Special Prices

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VOLUME XXII.

# ·LIFE·

NUMBER 566.



## BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

*He:* I KNOW I AM NOT VERY STRONG, BUT THEY SAY IT PUTS NEW LIFE INTO AN OLD MAN TO MARRY.  
*She:* YES, I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE SERIOUS OBSTACLE.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXII. NOVEMBER 2, 1893. No. 566.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*



THE Fair is over. The gates may be open for some weeks yet and people with the indispensable half dollar may be let in to see what is left until the water freezes in the lagoons and Jack Frost closes up the spectacle. But officially the Fair finished its course last Tuesday, the nation is relieved of further responsibility for it, and the closing remarks upon it are now due.

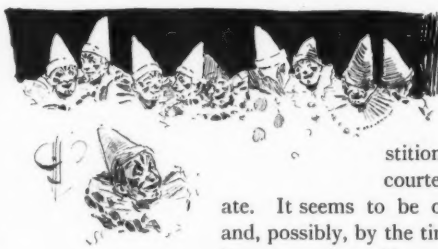
It was an immense Fair and warrants in the retrospect a generous use of tall and comprehensive language. In its more important features it was hugely successful. On some of its details it slipped up. Its lady-managers were a source of more amusement than pride; its John-Boyd-Thatcher system of awards was a continuous drawback to its usefulness; its dealings with the Sunday question were not altogether pleasing to any one, and its managers, toward the last, were unequal to their job. But these are all minor blemishes. As a whole, there never was a World's Fair so amazing, so grandly beautiful, so substantially satisfactory in its essential attributes, or so widely and generously appreciated. No city in the world has youth and enthusiasm and wealth and assurance enough to have precipitated such an enterprise, except Chicago.



AS for Chicago, now while she bumps against the clouds with her high head it is no time to pat her on the back. It is too far to reach. Chicago has done well, and needs no one just now to tell her so. LIFE has admired her grit, has gloried in her achievement, and has persistently trumpeted its praises. Now it rejoices with her that the box-office receipts bear so unexpectedly favorable a relation to the costs of the show. Even with her prodigious

appetite for hustling and notoriety she must be glad it is over. She must be sated with being stupendous and superlative. She must be tired of crowds and clamor and jostling and fireworks and strange faces. Her legs must ache with standing up in street-cars and doing feats of pedestrianism in Jackson Park. The Fair was mighty hard work for every one who undertook to view it. No doubt Chicago in some measure got used to it, but it must have been very hard work for her too. It will do her good now to come to New York and put up in a comfortable hotel and rest.

\* \* \*



WHAT a queer, old, played-out delusion is the superstition known as the courtesy of the Senate. It seems to be on its last legs, and, possibly, by the time this issue of LIFE gets into the reader's hands it will be extinct. Once dead it will stay dead, presenting in that particular an impressive contrast to Senator Hill, who lately came unburied again in the Senate debate on repeal. Hill is no better than a political body-snatcher. He is ostentatiously interred about once a quarter with a profusion of obituary remarks by the press, and the turf barely begins to sprout over his tumult, when all of a sudden his scalp appears thrusting itself up, mushroom-like, through the bristling mold, and before the undertakers can be summoned, behold him hustling across the sward, shedding ceremonies at every stride.

\* \* \*



MEASURES are already under consideration for restraining the exuberance of the young gentlemen who expect to witness the Yale-Princeton football game in New York. The Yale faculty consents to permit the game this year only on condition that Superintendent Byrnes shall agree to keep the city's peace, and arrest all marauders. Doubtless, it would facilitate the preservation of order if the authorities of the competing institutions would take care beforehand to have handles securely adjusted to the persons of their representatives, for convenience in running them in. Provision of an ample and commodious cage for undergraduates in the Madison Square Garden building would minimize scandal and prevent overcrowding the police-stations. A few extra patrol wagons would also be useful.



AN ANCIENT QUARREL.  
THE SPANIARD AND THE MOOR.



RUSSIA'S  
MASH.



FAREWELL  
TO THE  
FAIR.



GIGANTIC  
STRIDES  
IN THE  
CIVILIZATION OF  
THE RED MAN.



A BITTER  
DOSE.



THE DEFENDER OF THE PASS.

"I AM CONSTANT AS THE NORTHERN STAR  
OF WHOSE TRUE-FIXED AND RESTING QUALITY  
THERE IS NO FELLOW IN THE FIRMAMENT."



TRENTON.



## Overheard in Arcady.

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

### CHARACTERS FROM THE HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY JAMES.

THE MASTER, . . . Henry St. George, novelist.  
PAUL OVERT, . . . A young writer.  
MISS FANCOURT, . . . A worshipper of genius.  
DAISY MILLER, . . . A young American from  
Schenectady, N. Y.

SCENE: *The library and work-room of St. George, in the rear of his London house. "A large high room, without windows, but with a wide skylight at the top, like a place of exhibition." The walls covered with bookshelves and prints; a table littered with proofs and manuscripts; a large leather lounge, on which Overt is seated smoking. St. George is pacing back and forth on a strip of brilliant red carpet, the length of the polished floor.*

THE MASTER: It is good of you to leave the ladies upstairs to drink their tea alone, and to come down to this book-factory. I had just reached the end of a paragraph and wanted a smoke.

OVERT (*earnestly*): It is a great privilege for me to be allowed to interrupt you.

THE MASTER: No, no, my boy! A talk with you is like a visit from one's old ideals. You see the visions that I saw thirty years ago.

OVERT: I hope mine may reach as fine a maturity.

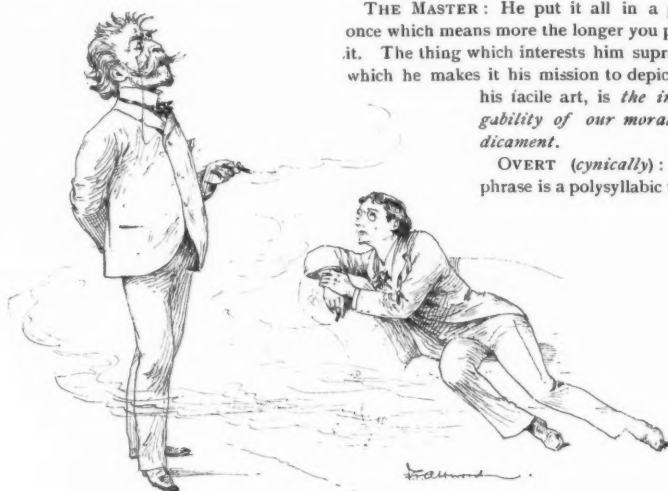
THE MASTER (*looking in his eyes*): You may say polite things upstairs in the drawing-room, but down here we talk to each other's hearts, honestly.

OVERT (*flushing*): You know I admire your achievements—

THE MASTER (*interrupting*): We talked that out once before, and Henry James put it all in his story, "The Lesson of the Master." What a wonderfully subtle man he is! You remember how unconcernedly he sat over there by the hearthstone while we talked, smoking and dreaming as we thought, but all the time seeing through our words into our very hearts. There is a man who has followed his Art as I would have you follow it. Don't waste your admiration on this Mess of Potage which you call my success—this forty volumes, and fine house, and carriages, and titled friends! My boy, my boy, you know better.

OVERT (*critically between rings of smoke*): Yes, I know what you mean. I do admire the way James does it. It is so very well-bred, so even in finish, so delicate in nuances. (*Smil-*

*ing*) Indeed it is all the other adjectives which artists use in a studio when they are talking about technic. You know the vocabulary! Well, *that* is Henry James—technic, technic, to the end of the story. But I want something more—I want life, with its imperfections, its unreasonableness, its lack of those subtleties which Art spends itself upon.



"A TALK WITH YOU IS LIKE A VISIT FROM ONE'S OLD IDEALS."

THE MASTER (*impatiently*): Please don't go over all those pet phrases of the hot-blooded young man who wants to indulge his senses, and call it "studying life." I know them as well as I do the studio cant about technic. I did not say that you could learn *everything* from James. But you can learn from him the possibilities of the English language in separating emotions which are classed together by the untrained observer. Surely you have been astounded at the flexibility of his phrases? Haven't you learned from them that our language is delicate, and refined, as well as virile?

OVERT: I have, I have! I read him always with sensations akin to those with which I watch my own warm breath turn to wonderfully delicate traceries of frost on a window-pane. I follow intently the needle-points of the crystals as they shoot across the smooth glass, until the apparently hap-hazard lace-work takes a definite pattern—as though it had been prearranged from all eternity. Is the breath of life but a vapor to hang for a

few moments in crystals of frost, and then melt into nothingness? I rouse from my reverie chilled to my heart. And *that* is reading Henry James!

THE MASTER: Your fancy does full credit to your feeling. What you do not see *now* is that your sensations are the usual chill which Youth feels in contact with Experience. Ten years from now you will begin to feel the surprising pathos, the warm-blooded charity, the tolerance of human eccentricity behind this crystal art which chills you. Then you will read "The Liar," "The Middle Years," "The Pupil," with tears in your eyes.

OVERT (*puzzled*): But what has he been driving at all these years that he has worked so faithfully at his art? That is what bothers me. Is he simply doing it for the sake of working?

THE MASTER: He put it all in a phrase once which means more the longer you ponder it. The thing which interests him supremely, which he makes it his mission to depict with his facile art, is the *immutability of our moral predicament*.

OVERT (*cynically*): The phrase is a polysyllabic terror.

THE MASTER (*smiling*): But, as our American friend drinking tea upstairs would say, "It gets there every time." The tragedy of living is in it—what the philosophers call heredity, environment, predestination and all the other abstractions—but which you and I know as the never-ending daily tussle with those things in us which we would give our very lives to make different. James sees it all as clearly, as pathetically, as any fiction-writer of his generation. We wonder now why his contemporaries called Thackeray a cynic; I suspect that our grandsons will wonder still more why we have called James cold and unsympathetic.

OVERT (*listening to footsteps on the stairs*): There come the young women! Now we shall have new light on the subject.

VOICES (*calling*): Please, may we come down?

THE MASTER: If you don't mind solid chunks of smoke.

OVERT: And a hot discussion.



"How can you, Mr. Overt?"

(Enter MISS FANCOURT and DAISY MILLER, in afternoon costume.)

MISS FANCOURT (to Overt): You promised to go with us to drink tea with the Princess Casamassima.

DAISY MILLER: And meet a lot of artistic and social freaks.

MISS FANCOURT: Henry James will be there, and you always enjoy his talk.

OVERT: Oh, yes, his *talk* is always good.

THE MASTER (explaining): James has been the cause of our dispute. Overt thinks he is a cold and unsympathetic artist (*slyly*), and all the other things that the Philistines call him.

MISS FANCOURT (gushingly): How can you, Mr. Overt. You, with the soul of an artist under your hat!

DAISY MILLER (impertinently): I suspect that his artist-soul is just as conventionally English as his plug hat.

MISS FANCOURT (mystified): What kind of hat?

DAISY MILLER (laughing): His plug-dicor, beaver, tile—don't you know your mother tongue?

OVERT: James is an American but he does not speak your language.

DAISY MILLER (positively): And that's what's the matter with Mr. James. If he wrote his native language we'd read him more over the pond.

THE MASTER: I've often wondered why you Americans do not more appreciate him.

DAISY MILLER: Well, I'll tell you. He's lived with you so long that we're not onto his curves. Do you catch on? His trolley's off the American wire. (*The others look at her and at each other in mute astonishment.*) Oh, but you are slow at learning the lingo.

We used to have a reading club in Schenectady—the girls of our set—to improve our minds, you know. Well, when we had finished "Barriers Burned Away," "St. Elmo," Farrar's "Life of Christ," and "Molly Bawn," one of the girls, a regular blue-stocking from Boston with glasses on her nose, proposed that we read Henry James. That roused my dander. "See here, girls," I said, "if you want to turn this into a circle of King's Daughters to read religious books and sew for the heathen, I'll resign at once." The Boston girl looked shocked and said "How can you be so rude. Mr. James writes the purest Boston English, and is highly approved by Charles Eliot Norton and the Harvard seniors." (*Sighing*) Oh, she made me tired. "Why doesn't he come to America again and learn something besides

metaphor, and a humor that plays about it all gently. There is none of the heat or prejudice about his stories which is so often evident in the writings of people you would not care to know. When I have finished one of Mr. James's stories I always feel that I should like to meet him in the alcove of a library and talk about it all with him as though it were true. (*Starting.*) And that's what I hope to do at Princess Casamassima's. I want to ask him whether he did not mean "The Real Thing" to be a satire on the artist's point-of-view, as much as on the poor dear gentleman and gentlewoman who tried to be useful. (*To Daisy and Overt.*) Come, this afternoon is almost over!

(*They follow her through the portières after adieus to THE MASTER.*)

THE MASTER (*soliloquizing as he turns to his desk*): Ah, if I could only clothe my characters with garments woven with James's art they would live for a century or two. But I have marketed my crude inventions for the luxuries of a London establishment, for the pleasures of an ever-present success. But I know, and Overt and James know in their hearts, that it isn't the Real Thing. (*Taking up his pen.*) Come, charlatan, pick up your fool's wand and finish your daily trumps!

Droch



"His Trolley's off the American Wire."

Bostonese!" I said. "We don't all talk like prigs or vulgarians over here! In New York we're refined from our bangs to our boots, and don't you forget it!"

THE MASTER (*getting control of his face*): Thank you. I never understood why James was unpopular in America till I met you.

DAISY MILLER (*protesting*): O, you must not take me for a fair sample of an American girl. I had to go abroad for my health before I had had a year at a finishing school in New York. They put a polish on you there in which you can see to comb your hair. Mr. James has not caught on to the fact that we're getting mighty civilized in the States.

THE MASTER (*turning to Miss Fancourt*): Come, give us an English girl's defence of him.

MISS FANCOURT (*with enthusiasm*): He satisfies my longing for perfection in work. There is never anything in his stories to jar my taste. When he treats a disagreeable subject, he does it as a gentleman would talk about it to a refined woman—with polite phrases, delicate



# NEW BOOKS.

*ETIQUETTE FOR GIRLS.* By Mrs. L. Heaton Armstrong. London: Frederick Warne and Company.

*The Brownies at Home.* By Palmer Cox. New York: The Century Company.

*The White Islander.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. New York: The Century Company.

*Poems Here at Home.* By James Whitcomb Riley. New York: The Century Company.

*Essays in Idleness.* By Agnes Repplier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*An Embassy to Provence.* By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: The Century Company.

*Thumb-nail Sketches.* By George Wharton Edwards. New York: The Century Company.

*Topsy and Turvy.* By P. S. Newell. New York: The Century Company.



PUZZLE.  
FIND THE NOBLEMAN



PUZZLE.  
AND THE NOBLEMAN.



## ANOTHER SHYLOCK.

IT can truly be said of Mr. Mansfield's *Shylock* that it is an intelligent performance. His reading of the lines is accurate and free from mannerism. But it lacks finish and is over-boisterous. He seems to think that an admirable make-up of gray hair and grease paint, combined with senile palsy, is all that is necessary to portray an aged man. In vigor of action, in stentorian tones, Mr. Mansfield's *Shylock* is a robust young person of twenty-five or thirty. *Shylock*

is essentially a character part; Mr. Mansfield is thoroughly a character actor, and it was to be expected that he would give us a strongly drawn portrayal of all the peculiarities of old age stirred to its depths by strong emotion. Perhaps it was the fear of letting his special ability in this line carry him too far that has caused Mr. Mansfield to make his performance of *Shylock* commonplace, although, as said before, intelligent.

As a manager, Mr. Mansfield has used the limited capacities of the stage of Herrmann's Theatre to good advantage. The settings, while not in the least gorgeous or elaborate, are tasteful and true. He has introduced considerable new "business," which serves more to retard the action of the play than to add to its force.

His company is only fairly good. Mr. Forrest realizes *Bassanio* in looks and diction, but his work lacks virility. Miss Cameron's *Portia* is most disappointing, especially so in the trial scene. The other parts are done carefully. One's general impression after seeing the performance is that it was





an agreeable rendering of a beloved classic, with no specially distinctive features, good or bad.

For one thing Mr. Mansfield deserves great credit. His orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, is a small one, but it is thoroughly efficient and plays good music. The inevitable xylophone player is entirely omitted and music of the "Razzle-Dazzle" order is taboo d.

Mr. Mansfield's ambition is a healthy one, and the public is indebted to him for the honesty of this production, even if he does seem to have over-stepped the limit of his present abilities. Time and study may, and we think will, give him a better appreciation of the part. It is a parlous undertaking for a manager nowadays to produce a Shakesperean play, and that Mr. Mansfield should make the risky investment entitles him at least to respectful consideration from lovers of the better drama.

#### SOCIETY'S VIEW.

**M**RS. BOSTONNE: I understand that you will have a season of grand opera this winter.

**MRS. MANHATTAN:** Yes; and it will be that nice, low Italian music that doesn't interrupt conversation.

#### THE QUEST OF THE IMPOSSIBLE.

**L**ISTEN, maids and matrons, to a piteous tale of woe. Produce your dainty kerchiefs, for your tears are bound to flow.

I'm a bachelor of thirty-five, and a millionaire beside ;  
But for some unhappy reason I've never found a bride.

I don't *think* that I'm bad looking, and I *know* my heart is kind ;  
But the sort of girl I want to wed is the sort I never find.  
The pretty girls are plenty and the clever ones not few,  
But to the girl who'd just suit me it's hard to get a clew.

Perhaps you think I'm finicky and very hard to suit ;  
Likewise you may imagine that I'm more or less a brute.  
But the case is really simple, and I think you'll soon admit  
That the trouble rests with Nature and I'm not to blame a bit.

I've roamed from Vassar College to the plains of Kalamazoo ;  
I've searched all over Boston and Kansas City, too ;  
I've sat out dances many with New York's patrician belles ;  
I've been in San Francisco, where the miner's heiress dwells.

In New Orleans and in Denver, in Chicago and Detroit,  
In Skowhegan and St. Louis, in Cincinnati and Beloit ;  
All over this vast country I've been on boats and trains,  
But I've never found a pretty girl who had an ounce of brains.

*Metcalf.*







"MY FRIEND, ARE YOU PREPARED FOR THE GOOD FIGHT?"  
 "YOU BET WE ARE! HE'LL TACKLE ANYTHING OF HIS WEIGHT  
 IN THE COUNTRY!"

#### IN THE WORLD OF FASHION.

**M**R. J. HANSOM NOSELEIGH selects his own suspenders. He is one of the best dressed men in the smart set, and although his suspenders do not show when he is fully attired, we think it well to get ahead of the daily press and publish any important news of this nature that comes in our way.

**L**AST week there was a wedding on Fifth Ave. and everybody wore clothes. Just what the clothes were and who owned them can be ascertained by studying the daily papers of the next morning.

**M**ISSIE LISSIE KISSIE is engaged to P. Gutchings Whing, of Philadelphia. Mr. Whing's grandmother was a Dormouse, and everybody in good society knows the Dormice are one of the very first families of Pennsylvania. Gen. Dormouse, it may be remembered, was drunk at the battle of Long Island, and didn't get his troops up in time.

**I**T was a very select little dinner that Mrs. Tallyho Van Shekel gave to a few friends last Thursday. Everything was expensive, and although the conversation was rather flat all through the dinner, everybody was exquisitely dressed and it passed off unusually well. Mrs. Tallyho Van Shekel is extremely careful in choosing her associates. Her ancestors have owned property on this island for several generations, and none of them have ever been in state's prison, or, in fact, distinguished themselves in any other way.

#### HAD OCCASION TO KNOW.

**F**OND PARENT: I cannot interfere, Bobby; your teacher writes me that she thrashed you on principle.

**BOBBY:** Well, she didn't. Don't you think I know where she licked me?



"NOW, FRED, WHAT WAS THE LAST THING GOD CREATED?"  
 "THE HASKIN'S BABY."

**E**ASTERN GIRL: We have the cradle that my grandfather was rocked in.

**WESTERN GIRL:** We have the boots that my grandfather died in.



"LOCK PICKING."



FULLACASH (*waking with a start mediis nocte, and hearing step-sounds in his bedroom*): Who's there? Speak! Who's there?

HOARSE WHISPER FROM THE DARKNESS: For heaven's sake, hush! There's a burglar just gone down-stairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet and not strike a light, I'll nab him in two twos.

(Fullacash obeys; and the whisperer, which his name is Sikes, ambles gently down-stairs and out of back-door with his booty.)—Pick-Me-Up.

THERE is a man in Boston who is far beyond the financial condition denominated "well-to-do," but he has a great fondness for an old soft hat, and at his summer resort insists upon wearing one.

A certain young lady undertook the liberty of taking exception to this head gear, and asked him why he wore it. Mr. A—— looked at her reproachfully.

"I dress as well as I can afford to," he answered.

The young lady did not know his real financial status and was conscience stricken. But in a week or so she found it out, and determined to be avenged.

Her opportunity came after their return to town. Mr. A—— was to be her escort to some function, and when she came trailing down the stairway in a most fetching evening

gown he made some remark that gave her the long-desired opening. There was a touch of triumph mingled with reproach in her tone as she answered, "I dress as well as I can afford to."

But the triumph was of short duration, for Mr. A—— only answered softly, "Yes, you bet you do."—Boston Budget.

A FRENCH traveler's tale of British phlegm is told in the following terms:

A Frenchman was seated in a smoking-carriage, and had for his companion a "milord Anglais." Enter a British Miss—of course with a plaid, and protruding teeth, and a Skye-terrier. She sat opposite the milord. He politely informed her that she had by mistake got into a smoking-carriage. She made not the slightest answer, but sat grimly on. The milord threw away his cigar, much to the astonishment of the Frenchman, who according to the story, sat watching what would happen. When they reached the next station, the milord said, with the cold dignity of his race and cast: "Madam can now change into a non-smoking-carriage. If she does not, I will assume that she does not mind smoke, and shall light another cigar." Madam said never a word, but stared in front of her. The train went on again, and the milord lighted up. When his cigar was well alight and the train in motion, the lady bent forward, took the cigar out of the milord's mouth, and threw it out of the window. The milord not only did not make any remark, but he did not even seem disturbed. All he did was to wait a minute, and then to bend over the lady, seize the Skye-terrier, which was lying in her lap, and fling it out of the window. Of this act the lady, to the complete astonishment of the French spectator, took no notice whatever. At the next station, both the lady and the milord got out, but without exchanging a word in regard to the cigar-and-dog incident, while the Frenchman turned over in his head an *etude* on the subject of "Les Anglais taciturnes."—Argonaut.

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